Enter Pistoll.

Flewellen. Tis no matter for his swelling, and his turki-
cockes.
God plesse you Ancient Pistoll, you scall,
Beggerly, lowsy knaue, God plesse you.
Pist. Ha, art thou Bedlem?
Dost thou thurst base Troyan,
To haue me folde vp *Parcas* fatall web?
Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of Leeke.
Flew. Ancient Pistoll.
I would desire you because it doth not agree
With your stomackes, and your appetites,
And your digestions, to eate this Leeke.
Pist. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.
Flew. There is one Goate for you, ancient Pistol.
He strikes him.

Pist. Base Troyan, thou shalt dye.
Flewellen. I, I know I shall dye:
But in the meane time, I would desire you
To liue and eate this Leeke.
Gower. Enough Captaine,
You haue astonisht him, it is enough.
Flewel. Astonisht him,
By Iesu, Ile beate his head foure dayes
And foure nights too, but Ile make him
Eate some part of my Leeke.
Pist. Well must I bite?
Flew. I out of question, or doubt, or ambiguities,
You must bite.

He makes Ancient Pistoll bite of the Leeke.
Pistol. Good, good.

Flewel.

And[illegible] God be with you
Ancient Pistoll, [illegible]e you,
And heale your broken pate.
Ancient *Pistoll*, if you see Leekes another time,
Mocke at them, that is all: God bwy you.
Exit Flewellen.

Pist. All hell shall stirre for this.
Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now?
Is honour cudgeld from my warlike loynes?
Well France farewell, newes haue I certainly
That Doll is sicke. One malady of France
The warres affoordeth nought, home will I trug,
Baud will I turne, and vse the slight of hand:
To England will I steale,
And there Ile steale:
And patches will I get vnto these scarres,
And sweare I gat them in the Gallia warres.
Exit Pist.

Enter at one doore, the King of England and his Lords.

And at the other doore, the King of France, Queene Katherine, the Duke of Burbon, and others.